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AUTHORITY

No. 85 AUG.

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

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Here IT IS... THE MOST
AMAZING STORY OF STRANGE
ADVENTURE YOU'VE EVER READ!
IN THIS ISSUE...

"I'LL DREAM about
YOU!"

YOU ASK PROFESSOR
DIABLO WHAT THE FATES
HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU?
LOOK...LOOK WITHIN
THE FLAME OF
UNIVERSAL
KNOWLEDGE...



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HOW DID THE OLD SONG GO...OH, YES...**"MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND!"** JUST A PLEASANT LITTLE FANCY...BUT JUST SUPPOSE SUCH THINGS **COULD BE!** HERE'S A STRANGE STORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS REALM WHICH LIES BEYOND THE BORDERS OF SLEEP...AND THE MAGIC THAT CAN BE CONTAINED WITHIN THE WORDS...

I'LL DREAM ABOUT YOU!



SOMETIMES EVEN INANIMATE OBJECTS CAN CONTAIN THE SEEDS OF HIGH ADVENTURE...OF TRAGEDY...EVEN OF LOVE...

YOU'RE LIABLE TO FIND ALMOST ANYTHING IN AN OLD, ABANDONED GARDEN! I WONDER WHAT **THAT** IS?

WHY, IT'S AN OLD **CUPID!** PROBABLY BEEN LOST HERE FOR YEARS!

I WONDER WHAT STORIES IT COULD TELL...IF IT COULD ONLY SPEAK...



IF IT **COULD ONLY SPEAK!** IT MIGHT TELL **MANY STORIES**...AND THIS IS ONE! LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN OF THE PAST ON THE YEAR 1870! PLACE...THE FRENCH PROVINCES...A CARNIVAL IS IN PROGRESS...

REMEMBER, KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN FOR A **FORTUNE-TELLER!** THERE'S ALWAYS ONE AT THESE TRAVELING FAIRS!

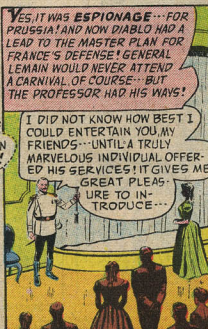
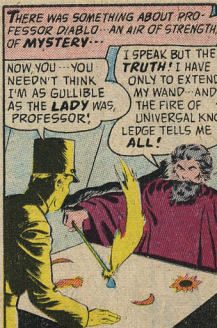
HOW FORTUNATE THAT **THIS** ONE JOURNEYED SO NEAR THE FORTRESS...EH, GISELLE?

THAT'S WHAT I'M AFTER...COME ON!

HOLD...IT IS WRITTEN THAT **ONLY ONE** MAY ENTER THE MASTER'S PRESENCE AT A TIME! THE LADY FIRST...

PROFESSOR DIABLO, WIZARD OF THE MIND
Reads YOUR MIND...AND YOUR FUTURE!





THE PROFESSOR WAS IN RARE FORM THAT NIGHT, THRILLING GENERAL LEMAIN'S GUESTS! BUT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT, IT WAS A FAILURE...

I HAD...AH...HOPED FOR THE HONOR OF ENTERTAINING YOU WITHIN MY TENT, M'SIEU LE GENERALE!

COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE, MY GOOD MAN! SUCH EXHIBITIONS ARE OF LITTLE INTEREST TO AN OLD ARMY MAN LIKE MYSELF!



THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT FINISH OFF THE PROCEEDINGS...AND LEAVE! BUT THEN...LIKE A LAST MOMENT REPRIEVE...

THERE ISN'T A CHANCE TO LEARN ANYTHING FROM HIM NOW...HOW COULD I EVER MANAGE TO GET NEAR HIM AGAIN?

PROFESSOR DIABLO! WAIT...DON'T GO YET!



I'M MELANIE LEMAIN...THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER! I...I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE! I COULDN'T HELP ADMIRING YOU...YOU WERE SO IMPRESSIVE...

MY THANKS, MADEMOISELLE! I WAS WATCHING YOU...HOPING I MIGHT HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK INTO YOUR MIND! PLEASE WON'T YOU GRANT ME BUT A FEW MOMENTS...HERE IN THE GARDEN?



ONE LOOK AT HER...HER IMPRESSIONABLE YOUTH...AND IN A FLASH, THE IDEA WAS BORN! HE WOULD USE HER TO APPROACH HER FATHER! CAREFULLY, HE SET OUT TO IMPRESS HER EVEN FURTHER...

YOUR EYES TELL ME YOU'RE NAMED MELANIE FOR YOUR MOTHER! AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LONELY...YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE ONE MAN, SEARCHING FOR HIM...

YOU'RE...RIGHT! IT'S A STRANGE WAY...TO MAKE A LIVING...YOUR POWER OF LEARNING ONE'S INNER SECRETS!



SHE WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE...HE'D HAD TO DO SOMETHING, FAST! IT WAS TIME FOR HIS TRUMP CARD...

I REALLY...SHOULDN'T BE OUT HERE WITH YOU...

WAIT, MADEMOISELLE! I CAN TELL THAT YOU SEE ME ONLY AS A CLEVER MOUNTEBANK...A CREATURE OF THE CARNIVAL! AH, IF ONLY YOU KNEW ME AS I REALLY AM...DIVORCED OF MY PROFESSIONAL TRAPPINGS...



...LIKE THIS! EXIT PROFESSOR DIABLO...ENTER PIERRE MORAND, AT YOUR SERVICE!

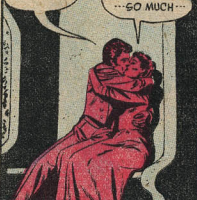
OH-HH! I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



HE WAS HANDSOME, A MAN OF THE WORLD...AND SHE AN INNOCENT AND IMPRESSIONABLE GIRL! SMALL WONDER THAT HE COULD PREVAIL ON HER TO AGREE TO ANOTHER MEETING! AND BEFORE LONG...

MY DARLING...

PIERRE...I LOVE YOU...SO MUCH...



AFTER THAT, THEY MET AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY...WANDERED THE STREETS OF PARIS TOGETHER...

I NEVER KNEW REAL HAPPINESS TILL YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE, CHERI!

SHE'S SWEET...SO VERY SWEET...BUT I MUSTN'T FORGET SHE'S JUST A MEANS TO AN END...HER FATHER, THE GENERAL! BUT SO FAR, THERE HASN'T BEEN A CHANCE...



THEN, FINALLY...THE CHANCE CAME!

YOU SAY YOUR FATHER'S BEEN TROUBLED BY BAD DREAMS WHICH ARE DISTURBING HIS REST? BUT I CAN HELP HIM, MELANIE! I'VE MADE A DEEP STUDY OF DREAMS AND THEIR INTERPRETATION...I COULD TELL YOU STRANGE THINGS ABOUT THEM...

WHAT SORT OF STRANGE THINGS?



WELL, FOR INSTANCE...IF A GREAT LOVE WERE TO EXIST BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE, THEY COULD HAVE THE SAME DREAM...IF THEY WILLED IT SUFFICIENTLY! BUT LET'S GET TO THE POINT! TELL YOUR FATHER THAT **PROFESSOR DIABLO** IS A **MASTER OF DREAMS**...AND CAN HELP SOLVE HIS TROUBLE!



THE GENERAL LOST NO TIME IN CALLING IN DIABLO! AND DIABLO LOST NO TIME, EITHER...

...AND I DREAM THAT SATAN, IN MAN'S FORM, APPEARS TO ME AND...WHY ARE YOU FLASHING THAT THING AT ME? IT'S SO...SO **HYPNOTIC!**

YES, GENERAL...IT IS **HYPNOTIC**, ISN'T IT?



THE VICTIM NEVER KNEW WHAT HE REVEALED! BUT IN PRUSSIA, CERTAIN HIGH SOURCES RECEIVED THE INFORMATION THEY SO DESIRED...

AH, THAT **DIABLO**...HE NEVER FAILS! WE'VE LEARNED WHAT WE HAD TO KNOW ABOUT THE ENTIRE FRENCH BORDER DEFENSE SYSTEM!

IT'S TIME TO **READY OUR ARMIES!**



DIABLO'S WORK WAS DONE...BUT BACK IN PARIS, PIERRE MORAND STILL LINGERED...HELD BY A SPELL SUCH AS HE'D NEVER KNOWN! HE FORGOT WHO HE WAS, WHAT HE WAS, AND REMEMBERED ONLY...MELANIE!

THAT ANTIQUE CUPID...I LOVE IT! IT SORT OF REPRESENTS...WELL, THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU, PIERRE!

LET'S SAY THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT **EACH OTHER**, MELANIE...AND **LET'S BUY IT!**

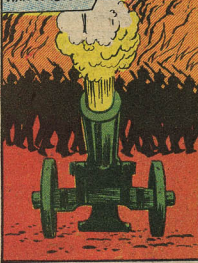


IF WE'RE EVER SEPARATED, DARLING, AND YOU SHOULD WANT ME, JUST SEND THIS TO ME--AND I'LL COME FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO BE AT YOUR SIDE!

SILLY...AS IF ANYTHING EVER COULD SEPARATE US!



THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT WAS FATED TO SEPARATE THEM! HISTORY KNEW IT AS THE FRANCO PRUSSIAN WAR OF 1870...

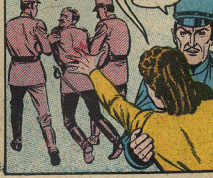


INVASION! THE HUNS SWARMED IN...AND IT WAS AT ONCE APPARENT THAT THE FRENCH DEFENSES HAD BEEN BETRAYED TO THE ENEMY! GENERAL LEMAIN WAS ARRESTED, DISGRACED...

BUT...BUT I'M **INNOCENT!**

NO, NO...YOU **CAN'T** DO THIS!

STAND BACK, MADAMEISELLE...WE'VE COME TO TAKE THE **TRAITOR AWAY!**



BUT FRENCH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE WONDERED...AND INVESTIGATED! THEY MADE A STRANGE FINDING...

BUT...BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! PIERRE MORAND IS THE MAN I LOVE! HE'S GOOD...AND LOYAL...

AND HE'S ALSO PROFESSOR DIABLO! THE PATTERN'S CLEAR...WHEREVER THE GERMANS CAPTURED A FORTRESS THROUGH A STRANGE KNOWLEDGE OF ITS DEFENSES, DIABLO'S CARNIVAL HAD PAID A CALL AND HE'D INTERVIEWED SOME OFFICER! WE'VE ESTABLISHED THAT HE POSSESSES **HYPNOTIC POWERS!** HAMMM... IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT HIM TO TREAT YOUR FATHER, WAS IT NOT?

AND SO...

WHY HAVE YOU AWAKENED ME AT THIS TIME?

PIERRE MORAND? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST...FOR ESPIONAGE AGAINST THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE!

IT WAS A SHORT TRIAL...WITH LITTLE DOUBT OF THE OUTCOME! THEY SAY THAT LOVE AND HATRED ARE VERY CLOSE TOGETHER...AS HER TESTIMONY REVEALED...

NOW THAT I RECALL IT, FROM THE FIRST HE SEEMED TO BE ANXIOUS TO GAIN CONTACT WITH MY FATHER! I WAS A LITTLE FOOL...I BELIEVED HIS LIES! HE'S GUILTY ALL RIGHT...HOW I WISH I'D NEVER SEEN HIM...

I...I DID EVERYTHING YOU SAID, MELANIE! BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW...HOW I GREW TO LOVE YOU!

AS I'VE GROWN TO HATE YOU! GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU...YOU JACKAL!

BECAUSE YOU HAVE FREELY CONFESSED YOUR GUILT, PIERRE MORAND, AND SEEM TO REPENT OF IT, THE USUAL DEATH PENALTY IS BEING WAIVED! YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR AS LONG AS YOU SHALL LIVE!

PRISON WAS A HARD AND LONELY PLACE...AS THE YEARS DRAGGED BY IN BITTER LONELINESS AND YOUTH TURNED INTO AGE...

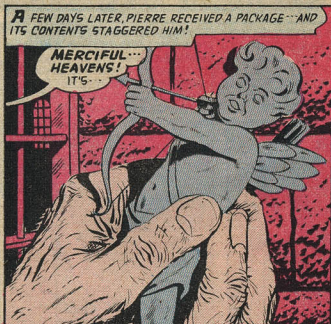
BUT THERE WAS ONE THING THAT SAVED PIERRE FROM MADNESS...THE MEMORY OF HER FACE...THE GIRL HE STILL LOVED...

AND WHAT OF HER? AN OLD WOMAN NOW...STILL CHERISHING THE BITTERNESS THAT HAD PREVENTED HER FROM EVER MARRYING! THERE WAS NOTHING SOFT NOR LOVELY ABOUT MELANIE REMAIN NOW...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE PLAY AT THE OPERA HOUSE, MADMOISELLE? I'M TOLD IT'S A WONDERFUL LOVE STORY...

LOVE? I WOULDN'T WASTE A MOMENT OF MY TIME ON SUCH...STUPIDITY!

MELANIE... MELANIE...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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25¢



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Here's your chance to get a real live turtle to play with. Imagine leading him, taking care of him, getting him to know you, and watching him roam around.

Please see my "How to" are loads of fun.

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69¢



THE RISING JUMPING AND FLOATING CIGARETTE

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WITH THE GOLDEN SYMBOL OF THEIR LOVE CLUTCHED IN HIS HANDS, PIERRE FELL INTO A DEEP SLUMBER! AND AS HE SLEPT, SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENED...



NOW, THE COLD GRIM PRISON WALLS NO LONGER SEEMED A BARRIER...



I... I'M WALKING RIGHT THROUGH THESE STONES! I'M FREE... FREE TO GO TO HER...

HE HAD NO MEMORY OF COVERING GROUND... ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE AGAIN, IN THAT SAME OLD GARDEN...

IT'S... JUST AS IT WAS... WHEN I WAS YOUNG! SHE USED TO WAIT FOR ME... IN AN ARBORED STONE SEAT...



YES... THE OLD STONE SEAT! MAGNETICALLY HE FELT HIS GAZE DRAWN TOWARDS IT! AND AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF WHAT WAS THERE, HE FELT HIMSELF CHANGING... CHANGING...



THERE'S... SOMEBODY SITTING THERE! IT'S GOT TO BE... HER!

IT WAS A DREAM... A DREAM SHARED BY TWO PEOPLE! THERE SHE WAS... OLD MELANIE...



PIERRE... PIERRE!

BUT AS SHE RUSHED TOWARD HIM, LOVE WORKED ITS DREAM MAGIC... AND SHE WAS YOUNG AGAIN...



I'VE WAITED... SO LONG...

THE CLOCK HAD TURNED BACK... IT WAS TWO YOUTHFUL LOVERS WHO WERE REUNITED...



MY... DARLING...

IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST HAPPINESS THEY'D EVER KNOWN! EACH NIGHT, THEY MET IN DREAMS... RELIVING THE SCENES OF THEIR YOUTH...

DO YOU REMEMBER HOW IT WAS, PIERRE? YOU SAID THAT CUPID WOULD ALWAYS REPRESENT THE WAY WE FELT ABOUT EACH OTHER... AND BOUGHT IT!

IT'S AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY!



AND AS THE MONTHS PASSED...

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ALMOST HALF A CENTURY HAS PASSED! YOU GAT **THERE**, MELANIE, WITH THE LIGHT DANCING IN YOUR EYES...

HOW LUCKY WE ARE... WE'RE STILL **YOUNG!**



IT WILL ALWAYS BE THIS WAY WITH US...AS THE YEARS GO ON...

THIS WAS THE STRANGE DREAMLAND THEY INHABITED! BY DAY, THEY LED THEIR SEPARATE, AGED LIVES...

IT'S A HARD LIFE, PRISON! WHAT'S WORST ABOUT IT ARE THE **NIGHTS!**

FOR YOU, PERHAPS! BUT THEY'RE ALL I LOOK FORWARD TO!



BON SOIR, MADEMOISELLE! I HATE TO LEAVE YOU ALONE THIS WAY... WITH NIGHT COMING ON...

DON'T WORRY! IT'S THE TIME I LIKE BEST!



THEY HAD COME A TIME OF TRAGEDY! THE PLAGUE SWEEPED THROUGH PARIS... AND AT THE PRISON...

HE'S IN A DEEP COMA! HE MAY NOT LIVE...



BUT PIERRE DID LIVE! WHEN HE FINALLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, WEEKS HAD PASSED...

SHE WON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ME...SHE MIGHT EVEN THINK I DIED IN THE PLAGUE! I--I'VE GOT TO GET TO HER!



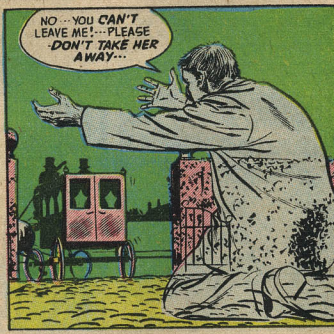
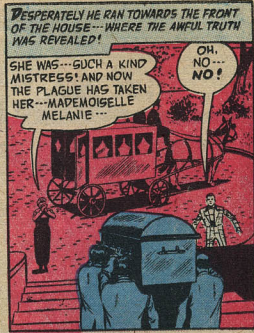
AND SO, WITH NIGHTFALL, HE DREAMED...

I'VE GOT TO HURRY...I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HER...



MELANIE...WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S PIERRE...I'VE COME AGAIN!

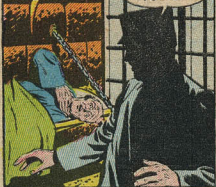




FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, THE SUDDEN MAKING OF A SLEEPWALKER OR DREAMER HAS BEEN REGARDED AS DANGEROUS! IN THE CASE OF PIERRE MORAND, IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, FOR HIS AGED HEART COULDN'T TAKE THE SHOCK...

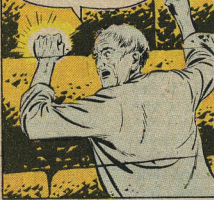
JAN'T...CAN'T FIND HER... ANYWHERE...

HE...HE LOOKS BAD! I'D BETTER GET THE DOCTOR!



MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS--AS THE DREAM FIGURE strove TO RETURN TO HIS MORTAL FRAME--

I---I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I WANT TO GET THROUGH THE WALLS BACK TO MY CELL... BUT I CAN'T! SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME BACK...



I'VE...LOST HER...AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN GET BACK INTO MY DREAMING BODY! AM I DOOMED TO WANDER FOREVER...ALONE?

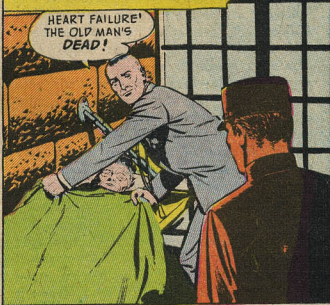


THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME BUT... OH-MHH!



AT THE SAME TIME, WITHIN HIS CELL...

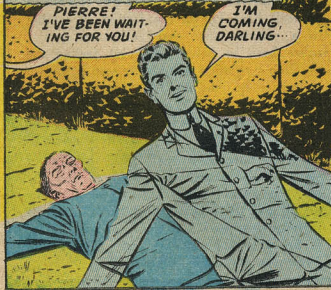
HEART FAILURE! THE OLD MAN'S DEAD!



BUT THE STRANGE DRAMA WAS NOT YET FINISHED! FOR EVEN AS THE DOCTOR SPOKE THE FATAL WORDS--

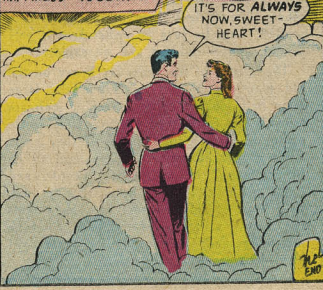
PIERRE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

I'M COMING, DARLING...



AND NOW, FOR THE LOVERS WHO HAD BEEN JOINED ONLY IN DREAMS, ETERNAL LIFE AWAITED--AN ETERNITY OF HAPPINESS... TOGETHER!

IT'S FOR ALWAYS NOW, SWEET-HEART!



THE END

BILLY REMEMBERS

If there was one thing that Billy Peters, age sixteen, was bad at, it was remembering, and all the boys in his gang kidded him about it plenty! But they had to admit that he *did* come up with good ideas. Take their current vacation trip, for instance. It had been his suggestion that they take a bike trip through the Rockies, an area in which he'd always been interested because his great-grandfather had lived there a century ago. All of the boys were pretty enthusiastic about it, and found the region fascinating. They liked to explore off the beaten paths, and had gotten themselves rather thoroughly lost following an old, overgrown trail. "That's Billy's fault," remarked one of the boys. "He forgot to bring enough maps! That fella can't remember anything!" The others agreed heartily—then quickened their pace as they sighted the old, tumbled-down ruins of a typical western ghost town. Only a few houses still stood, leaning at crazy angles. The cornerstone of a wrecked church gave the town's name—*Oreville*. Then Tom Jones' eyes widened as he pointed. "Look up there, on top of the hill!" he cried.

It was a large, rambling old house—obviously, once the show-spot of Oreville. And so strongly had it been built that not a wall had fallen. Dark and brooding, it stood there, an air of age-old mystery about it that fascinated the boys. As they approached it, Billy spoke up, almost as if he were talking to himself. "I—remember it!" he said—as a roar of ridicule went up from the others. "Never been here in his life," Tom scoffed, "and he says he *remembers* it yet! Cmon, gang—waddeya say we explore?"

The silence of the years lay heavy on the old mansion. As they stood in the large main hall, looking up the sweeping staircase towards the cobwebbed landing, Billy spoke again, his words sounding as if they came from a great distance. "There used to be parties here," he whispered. "People, and lights and music!" Then he paused, flushing, as a howl of ridicule went up. "He forgets the maps," said one of the boys, "but he remembers stuff from a hundred years ago! Hey—let's see what's upstairs!"

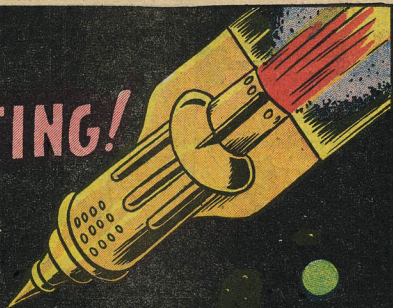
Upstairs held the regulation rooms—all except one chamber which lacked windows and had a large, heavy door. Obviously it had been a storage, or safe-keeping room. The boys entered, and, in the course of their skylarking, slammed the huge door shut. All of their strength couldn't get it opened again, and there they were—prisoners! The outlook was dismal. Nobody knew where they were—matter of fact, there wasn't a soul within fifty miles! And there wasn't a window to escape from! There wasn't a chance of getting out alive! "If you hadn't talked us into this vacation, we wouldn't be in this fix!" said Tom bitterly, glaring at Billy. And Fred spoke up, adding his condemnation. "Yeah," he said. "If you're so good at remembering, how's about remembering something that'll save us now?"

Billy was looking around him, a frown of concentration on his face. Always, his attention came back to the north wall of the room. "I remember . . . it wasn't always like this!" he muttered. "There used to be—*freplace* in that wall!" Slowly he approached the designated spot, striking at the wall with his knuckles. There was a hollow thump—and the other boys sprang forward. They ripped the old wallpaper away, and found lath underneath. And beneath the lath was a large, ancient fireplace—leading into a chimney they could climb! And from the roof, it was easy to enter another window—and escape to safety!

How do you explain things like this? You yourself have known the feeling of coming to a certain place that you *know* you've never been in before—and yet feeling the absolute conviction that you've seen it, known it previously. And in Billy's case, there's a sequel to the story. "You've told me that one of our ancestors once lived out that way," he said to his father. "Do you know *where*?"

"Well, now, let's see!" said his father slowly. "My grandfather used to tell me about it when I was a kid! He used to say that it was the biggest, most beautiful house in town, way back a century ago! The place is probably a ghost town now, but I still remember its name—*Oreville*!"

FINAL ACCOUNTING!



A MASTER PLAN FOR
ATTACK FROM SPACE!
HERE'S A BREATHLESS
STORY OF HOW ONE MAN
LEARNED OF A GRAVE
PLOT AGAINST THE EARTH
ITSELF! DID HE FORE-
STALL IT? READ THE
ANSWER IN...

"FINAL ACCOUNTING!"

LIKE ALL THINGS,
THIS STRANGE
STORY HAD ITS
BEGINNING...
AND IN THIS CASE,
IT TOOK PLACE
IN THE STAR-
STUDDED SKY
THAT RIMS THE
VAST DESERT
REGION OF
WESTERN NEW
MEXICO! THE
OBSERVER WAS A
YOUNG URANIUM
PROSPECTOR BY
THE NAME OF
FRED GREENE...



WHEN GREENE TURNED IN THAT NIGHT, THE STRANGENESS OF THE EXPERIENCE PERSISTED IN HIS THOUGHTS...

IT'S SILLY TO LET THIS
BOTHER ME! THERE MUST BE
AT LEAST A DOZEN EXPLA-
NATIONS FOR IT, AND YET I
DON'T KNOW... I JUST
DON'T KNOW!



BUT THE MORNING SUN FAILED TO
DISPEL HIS DARK THOUGHTS, AND HIS
BRAIN PRODDED HIS BODY TO A
SUDDEN DECISION...

I'LL TAKE OFF FOR THE
SOUTHERN RIDGE--THAT
WAS THE GENERAL DIRECTION
IT FELL IN! EVEN IF I DON'T
FIND ANYTHING, I'LL FEEL
BETTER FOR HAVING
GONE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS HE WORK-
ED HIS WAY ALONG THE SOUTHERN
RIDGE, HE MADE HIS STARTLING
DISCOVERY...

THE BECKER COUNTER--THIS
SCORCHED TRAIL MUST BE RADIO-
ACTIVE! I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT! I'VE BEEN OVER THIS TRAIL
BEFORE AND NEVER HAD
A RESPONSE!



THE TRAIL STOPS RIGHT BEFORE
THIS CAVE---AND THE RESPONSE
FROM MY COUNTER SEEMS TO BE
GETTING STRONGER BY THE
SECOND! THERE'S SOMETHING
UNCANNY ABOUT THIS!



CAUTIOUSLY,
THE PROSPECTOR
ENTERED! EACH
STEP BROUGHT
MOUNTING
SURPRISE...

THESE WALLS! THEY'RE
SMOOTH AS GLASS!
THEY'VE BEEN POLISH-
ED DOWN-- BUT BY
WHOM, AND WHY?

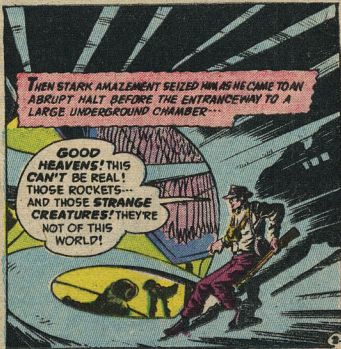


THAT NOISE!
IT'S SOME KIND
OF MACHINERY,
AND IT'S COMING
FROM THIS
DIRECTION!



THEN STARK AMAZEMENT SEIZED HIM AS HE CAME TO AN
ABRUPT HALT BEFORE THE ENTRANCEWAY TO A
LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER...

GOOD
HEAVENS! THIS
CAN'T BE REAL!
THOSE ROCKETS--
AND THOSE STRANGE
CREATURES! THEY'RE
NOT OF THIS
WORLD!



THEY'VE SEEN
ME! I'VE GOT
TO BRAZEN
IT OUT!





I'M COMING DOWN! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON HERE...IF YOU CREATURES CAN TALK!

OH, WE SPEAK YOUR EARTH LANGUAGE, ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU ARE THE FIRST OF YOUR SPECIES EVER TO SEE US! APPROACH...AT ONCE!



BUT WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, AND WHAT ARE YOU UP TO HERE?

I WILL TELL YOU ALL OF THESE THINGS...BUT IT WILL DO YOU LITTLE GOOD!



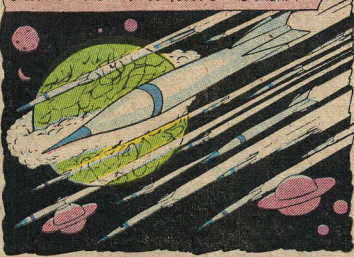
"WE ARE TARTIANS...FROM THE PLANET XERESES! AND WHEN YOUR PLANET EARTH WAS STILL A MOLTEN BLOB, WE HAD ALREADY ACHIEVED OUR ATOMIC AGE AND WERE CAPABLE OF WAGING WAR IN OUTER SPACE..."

EVERYTHING! EVERY MISSILE HAS BEEN CHECKED! DEPARTURE TIME IS SET FOR SECOND SWEEP-ZERO! OUR TARGET WILL GIVE NO DEFENSE... THEY WILL BE OVERWHELMED!

"AND THEY WERE OVERWHELMED! EVEN THOSE WHO ESCAPED THE ACTUAL BOMBARDMENT FELT THE RADIOACTIVITY PRODUCED BY OUR ROCKET GUIDED MISSILES..."



"THUS THEY FELL, ONE BY ONE! OUR MISSILES FORMED A CONTINUAL STREAM ACROSS THE STAR-STUDDED REACHES OF OUTER SPACE, AND EACH FALLEN PLANET BECAME ANOTHER STEPPING-STONE IN OUR CONQUEST OF THE GALAXY..."



"IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT YOUR PLANET WOULD SOMEDAY FIT INTO OUR SCHEME! AND WHEN THAT DAY CAME, THE PRIVILEGE OF EXECUTING THE PLAN WAS ENTRUSTED TO MY HANDS!"



REMEMBER, TOABOR, WE DO NOT PLAN AN IMMEDIATE INVASION! YOURS WILL BE MERELY A SCOUTING TRIP...AND YOU WILL ESTABLISH A BASE FOR OUR WEAPONS!

IT SHALL BE CARRIED OUT!

...AND THAT PLAN, EARTHMAN, IS ALMOST COMPLETED! WE HAVE BEEN USING YOUR PLANET AS A KIND OF ARSENAL, AS AN ADVANCED STAGING-POINT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR ATOMIC MISSILES! FROM EARTH WE WILL WAGE WAR DEEPER INTO THE GALAXY. WE PLAN TO TAKE OVER EARTH BY A SURPRISE ASSAULT WITHIN TWENTY YEARS!



NO! YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

KIDS! TEAM UP WITH YOUR PARENTS

**4052
TERRIFIC
PRIZES**



Pinky Lee says:

Get in on this easy

Popsicle

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FAMOUS

RANCH BRANDS CONTEST



52 winning teams will fly via

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for thrilling, all-expense

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ARIZONA

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cowboy country . . . the vacation of
a lifetime. Everything free!

300

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PHONOGRAPH
3-SPEED
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Dy-Dee
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AND WARDROBE
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**3rd PRIZES
for BOYS**

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AND BALL**



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**SPARTUS
FLASH CAMERA
OUTFITS**
VALUE
\$14.95

1000

**5th
PRIZES**



**Famous MATTTEL
Musical
TOY
TRUCKS**

All entries become the property of the Joe Lowe Corporation. All winners will be notified by mail. Failure to accept prizes as offered will result in forfeiture of prizes and no substitution will be permitted. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Joe Lowe Corporation, their advertising agency, or the families of such employees. This contest is limited to the U. S. and Possessions and Canada and is void and not extended in any State or locality where participation in and conducting thereof are prohibited, taxed, licensed or restricted. Joe Lowe Corporation reserves the right to substitute or change prizes or locale of vacations if unforeseen conditions arise. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish to have a list of winners sent to you.

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IN THE \$100,000 "POPSICLE" CONTEST!

10 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Here's all you do...

1. Cut out official entry blank (right) along dotted lines.
 2. Carefully cut out the big "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAM-SICLE," or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.
 3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls in spaces marked on the entry blank.
 4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. For example—we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (#3 on the list) fits that brand.
 5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
 6. Print the name of your imaginary ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
 7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
 8. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent post-card and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 6th.
 9. Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of correctness and neatness. In case of ties, originality of your "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.
- Remember! You have until midnight Saturday June 4th to enter the first big weekly "POPSICLE" contest. Thereafter weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date on envelope. The 10th and last "POPSICLE" contest closes with mail postmarked by midnight Aug. 6, 1955.

ENTER YOUR FIRST CONTEST NOW!

Last Contest Closes SAT., AUG. 6, 1955

Get additional entry blanks from your "POPSICLE" dealer!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Ⓩ	3	SV	SS
W	R	-O	
W	-BB	W	

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Westward Look | 4. Thunderhead | 7. Wild Horse |
| 2. Bar B Z | 5. Barra Nada | 8. Sahuaro Vista |
| 3. Circle Z | 6. Saddle and Surrey | 9. Diamond W |

Now, after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name _____

My Name _____ Age _____

Parent's Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells _____

PASTE 3 "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to:
"POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.



FREE GIFT LIST

Get one from your Ice Cream Man or write to:

"POPSICLE"
601 West 26 St., New York 1, N. Y.
2856 E. 11 St., Los Angeles 23, Cal.

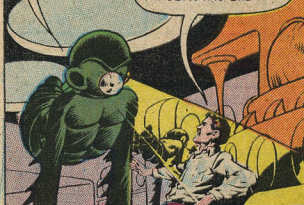


LOOK FOR THE BIG "SICLE" BALL!

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AW, BUT IT IS **TRUE!** AGAIN AND AGAIN OUR SHIPS HAVE BROUGHT SUPPLIES TO US, BUT YOUR PAPERS LAUGH. CALL THEM FLYING SAUCERS, OBJECTS OF THE IMAGINATION!

THEN THAT GLOWING OBJECT IN THE SKY LAST NIGHT AND THE SCORCHED TRAIL ON THE SOUTHERN RIDGE! IT WAS ONE OF--



YES, ONE OF **OURS!** AND IT BROUGHT **NEWS!** ON JULY 1ST 1975, WE WILL HAVE BUILT UP SUFFICIENT STRENGTH...AND THEN **...WE ATTACK!**

YOU'LL FAIL! NOW THAT I KNOW YOUR PLOT, I'LL SEE THAT WE USE THE INTERVENING YEARS TO **PREPARE!**



IT IS INEVITABLE...YOUR SPECIES IS POWERLESS BEFORE US! AND TO PROVE OUR SUPERIORITY, I'M GOING TO SET YOU **FREE!** YOU ARE UNIMPORTANT...REPRESENT NO THREAT!

YOU THINK NOT? WAIT TILL I SPREAD THE NEWS!



THAT MAY BE SLIGHTLY DIFFICULT!

YOUR EYE...THAT LIGHT...WHY ARE YOU CONCENTRATING IT ON ME...N-NO...**DON'T...**



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A PROSPECTOR FOUND HIM...UNCONSCIOUS...



THREE MONTHS LATER, IN A HOSPITAL JUST BEYOND THE DESERT...

HE'S COMING AROUND, DOCTOR HOLMES! MAYBE WE'LL GET SOMEWHERE **NOW!**

WE'LL HAVE TO GO EASY!



DON'T BE ALARMED...WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS! YOU'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME, BUT YOU'RE GETTING **BETTER!**

WHO AM I...WHERE'D I COME FROM...



THE AMNESIA IS STILL THERE! COMPLETE LOSS OF MEMORY, DESPITE THE REGAINING OF CONSCIOUSNESS! WANT TO TAKE OVER?

MAY AS WELL!

YOU WERE FOUND OUT IN THE DESERT, AND IN A BAD WAY! WHILE YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS, YOU KEPT SAYING YOU HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, BUT YOU COULDN'T REMEMBER WHAT! DO YOU REMEMBER **NOW?**

REMEMBER...?

IT'S **IMPORTANT** THAT YOU REMEMBER! TRY **HARD!**

IT'S THE ONLY WAY OF ASSURING RECOVERY! WE WANT TO HELP, BUT YOU MUST HELP YOURSELF!



RELAX NOW! WE CAN TRY AGAIN TOMORROW! THE MAIN THING IS TO **KEEP TRYING!** IT WILL TAKE TIME, BUT THERE IS HOPE! WE MUST ALWAYS HAVE HOPE!

MEANWHILE, TIME PASSED, AND PLANET EARTH SPUN ITS WAY ONWARD! THE TIME WOULD COME WHEN IT WOULD FACE AN INVASION FROM SPACE! IT COULD BE FORESTALLED... IF FRED GREENE REMEMBERED IN TIME...

AND ON THE BALCONY OF A HOSPITAL, A MAN STARES OUT TOWARDS THE DRY PLAINS! HIS BROW IS WRINKLED IN THOUGHT, WHILE HIS BRAIN STRUGGLES FUTILELY, HELPLESSLY, AGAINST THE STUBBORN WALL OF THE FORGOTTEN PAST...

THERE WAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT... TERRIBLY IMPORTANT! BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER! I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER! BUT MAYBE TOMORROW...

THE END!



Time sure passes fast, doesn't it? It seems like just yesterday that we were chatting together and ironing out our mutual problems—and here it is meeting-time again! So pull up your chairs, all you loyal readers and faithful fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*!" Let's talk it over!

The subject for this meeting will be the new types of stories which we're carrying under the new order, which has shunted aside all horror stories, in favor of a type of reading matter which relies completely upon thoroughly interesting and challenging narrative for its appeal. Our last issue was an excellent example of such content. The principal stories in that number were, "*Coward in Outer Space*," "*War of The Seagulls*" and "*Back Through Time*." We invited all you readers to write in and tell us how you liked these stories—or, if you didn't like them, to say so!

At the time of going to press with this issue, there were only a few days opportunity to receive such mail, and so we are able to comment only upon the very first letters to come in. But this sampling provided a very interesting and significant result. Mail in favor of our new story policy was running eight to one over mail opposing! In the belief that you may be interested in just what our readers are saying, we're reproducing a few of their letters herewith:

"Dear Editor:—

I've been a reader of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' since it began, so many years ago! I've *always* liked your stories, and to tell you the truth, I wasn't sure of whether I'd go for the new order! But after

having read your last issue, I'm not worrying. These stories are *fascinating*! Orchids to '*Coward In Outer Space*'—the best story of its kind I've ever read!

—Cookie Dimesa, New York, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

You asked that readers write in and tell their opinion on the new '*Adventures Into The Unknown*.' Okay—I think it's the best I've ever read! '*Coward In Outer Space*' was *keen*! Keep up the good work!

—Tom Kardijian, Los Angeles, Calif."

"Dear Editor:—

I've always liked stories about zombies and werewolves, and I thought I wouldn't like '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' without them. But when you came out with '*War of The Seagulls*' and '*Coward In Outer Space*,' I changed my mind! As long as you can print stories like those, I'll be a reader!

—E. W. Moran, Dallas, Texas"

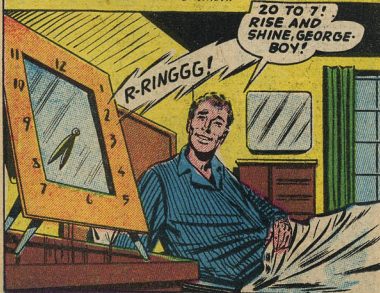
Well—this was the type of response we got to *last* issue! Now, how about our current number? Remember, it's up to *you* to keep us informed—for unless we know how you like our offerings, we're in the dark as to your tastes! And since "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" is *your* magazine, we want you to write us, telling us how you like what we're doing—which of our stories you like, and which you *don't* like! Address your letters to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. And now—so long, until next month!

DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED THAT FATE TAKES A HAND IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN! IS THIS TRUE? IS THERE REALLY NOTHING YOU CAN DO WHEN---

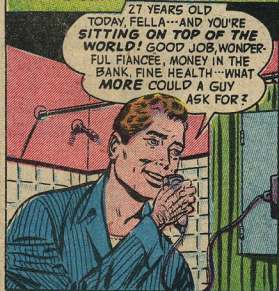
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!



IT WAS WITH THE GAYEST OF SPIRITS THAT **GEORGE HARRIS** BOUNDED OUT OF BED ON HIS BIRTHDAY...



A MERRY TUNE SANG THROUGH HIS BRAIN AS HE TOOK STOCK...



AFTER A HEARTY BREAKFAST, GEORGE HOPPED INTO HIS CAR AND SET OUT FOR THE BANK WHERE HE WORKED AS A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE...

TOO BAD I HAVE TO WORK TODAY! IT'S JUST PERFECT FOR A PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY WITH ARLENE! SAY, WHAT'S WRONG UP AHEAD?



THE ROAD'S BLOCKED TEMPORARILY, BUT...THERE'S BEEN A NASTY ACCIDENT! CAR SKIDDED AROUND A CURVE...KILLED THE DRIVER INSTANTLY!

GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD!



POOR GUY...ALIVE ONE MINUTE, DEAD THE NEXT! HOLY SMOKE...TH-THOSE LICENCE PLATES!



JUST A COINCIDENCE, BUT A DISTURBING ONE!

GH 27! THOSE ARE MY INITIALS...GEORGE HARRIS! AND I'M 27 YEARS OLD TODAY!



HE ARRIVED AT THE BANK IN A SOMBER MOOD! LATER...

MIND STEPPING INTO MY OFFICE, HARRIS?

CERTAINLY, SIR!



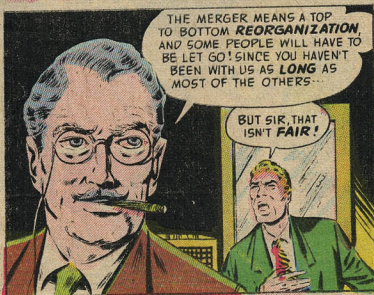
AS YOU KNOW, HARRIS, WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON A BIG MERGER FOR A LONG TIME BECAUSE WE BADLY NEED A BRANCH STRUCTURE! WELL, THE DEAL'S BEEN PUT THROUGH, AND I'M AFRAID IT'S BAD NEWS FOR YOU!

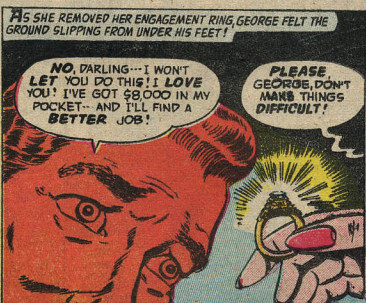
BUT I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND...



THE MERGER MEANS A TOP TO BOTTOM REORGANIZATION, AND SOME PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO BE LET GO! SINCE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN WITH US AS LONG AS MOST OF THE OTHERS...

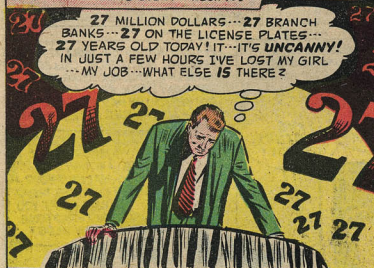
BUT SIR, THAT ISN'T FAIR!







WATCHING THE GIRL HE LOVED WALK OUT OF HIS LIFE, HE FELT LIKE A MAN FALLING OVER A PRECIPICE...



AIMLESSLY, HE BEGAN TO WALK AROUND TOWN... AND THE HOURS PASSED...



OVERCOME BY BITTER THOUGHTS, HE PAID NO ATTENTION TO WHERE HE WAS GOING...



The LONG EVENING STRETCHED BEFORE HIM! TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME, HE WENT TO A THEATRE...



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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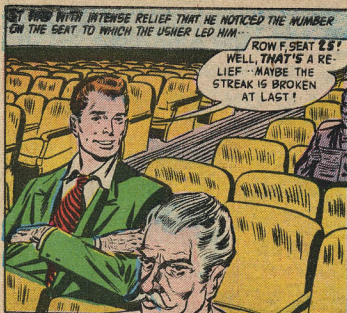
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THE WHEEL SPUN AND SPUN, AND ITS WHIRL MATCHED THE GROWING DIZZINESS BEFORE GEORGE'S EYES! AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PLACED A \$100 CHIP ON THE FATAL NUMBER...

EXCUSE ME, MISTER, BUT I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU KEEP BETTING THE SAME WAY EACH TIME! WHY NOT TRY TO CHANGE YOUR LUCK?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO! I'VE STAKED 43 CHIPS ON THAT NUMBER ALREADY... IT'S LONG OVERDUE!

THE ONCE HIGH MOUND OF CHIPS DWINDLED, DWINDLED... AND NOW ONLY THREE WERE LEFT!

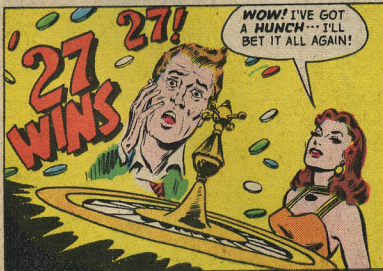
IT'S GOT TO COME UP NOW... PLEASE... OH, PLEASE...



AND NOW, HIS LAST CHIP! GONE WAS ALL SENSE OF TIME AND PLACE... THE WHOLE UNIVERSE HAD BECOME ENCIRCLED BY THE SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL...

NUMBER 28 WINS! 28!

TWENTY-EGHT! I-I'VE LOST EVERYTHING... EVERY PENNY I'VE SAVED!



AGAIN THE WHEEL TURNED, ONLY NOW GEORGE KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...

27 WINS AGAIN!

I-I'VE WON A FORTUNE!

TAKE MY ADVICE, MISS... BET IT ALL AGAIN!





BET IT ALL? YOU MUST BE CRAZY! I'VE ALREADY WON THOUSANDS!

YOU CAN BREAK THE BANK! I'M TELLING YOU --PLAY 27!



ALL...ALL RIGHT! I DON'T KNOW WHY...I SHOULD HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED...

YOU'RE BETTING IT ALL, MISS? --ON 27?

DEATHLY SILENCE REIGNED AS THE WHEEL SPUN ONCE MORE! AND WHEN THE BALL FINALLY FELL INTO A SLOT...



IT...IT'S NUMBER 27! MISS, YOU'VE **BROKEN** THE BANK!

I DID IT! I DID IT! YIPPEE!

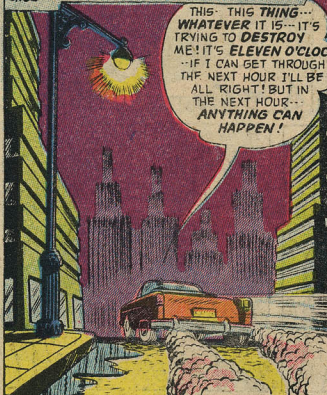
SOMETHING SEEMED TO SNAP IN GEORGE'S BRAIN! LIKE A MADMAN, HE LEAPED FROM HIS SEAT, FRANTIC TO ESCAPE...



HEY, MISTER...WAIT! I WANT TO THANK YOU...

LET ME OUT! STAND ASIDE!

LEAPING INTO HIS CAR HE KICKED HIS FOOT DOWN HARD ON THE ACCELERATOR! EVERYTHING WAS CLEAR ALL AT ONCE...



THIS... THIS THING... WHATEVER IT IS...IT'S TRYING TO **DESTROY** ME! IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK --IF I CAN GET THROUGH THE NEXT HOUR I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! BUT IN THE NEXT HOUR... ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!

REALIZING THE IMMENSE DANGER HE WAS IN, GEORGE SLOWED DOWN AND DROVE CAREFULLY TO HIS HOTEL! THEN HE WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS ROOM...



YOU'RE BACK KIND OF EARLY TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU, MR. HARRIS?

I...I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL...

AS HE PUT HIS KEY IN THE DOOR, HE NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME...



ROOM 27! GREAT SCOTT... WHEN IS THIS GOING TO **STOP**? BUT IT'LL BE MID-NIGHT SOON...AND THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE **OVER**!

IT WAS IMPORTANT NOT TO MOVE...TO DO **NOTHING**... UNTIL THE BELLS FROM THE CHURCH STEEPLE ACROSS THE WAY TOLLED THE NEWS THAT MIDNIGHT HAD **PASSED**! BUT SUDDENLY...

A **TELEGRAM!**
...I DIDN'T NOTICE IT WHEN I CAME IN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SLIPPED UNDER THE DOOR! MORE BAD NEWS, NO DOUBT...**I WON'T OPEN IT!**



CURIOSITY VIED WITH TERROR, WHILE HIS HEART BEAT WILDLY...

IT'S PRACTICALLY **BURNING** MY HAND! IT'S **GOT** TO BE BAD NEWS...BUT **WHAT?** CAN SOMETHING HAVE HAPPENED TO MY **MOTHER?** SHE WROTE SHE WAS FEELING POORLY! OR MAYBE IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER **JOE**... SOMETHING **TERRIBLE** HAS HAPPENED! I...I NEED A BREATH OF FRESH AIR...

HE STEPPED OUT ON THE BALCONY, DREADING THE NEW MISFORTUNE THAT THE TELEGRAM MIGHT CONTAIN! HIS TREMBLING FINGERS EXTRACTED IT FROM THE ENVELOPE...

NO, NO...I CAN'T READ IT...I HAVEN'T GOT THE COURAGE...



I'LL THROW IT AWAY...I WON'T EVEN LOOK AT IT! NOT ON THIS **AWFUL DAY!**

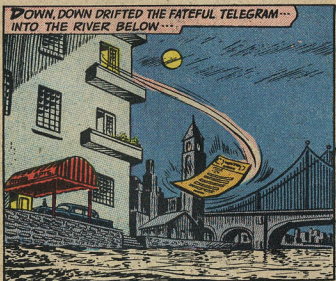


WITH HIS LAST WORDS, CAME THE BONGING OF THE CLOCK! IT WAS **MIDNIGHT**...THE **JINKED DAY WAS OVER!**

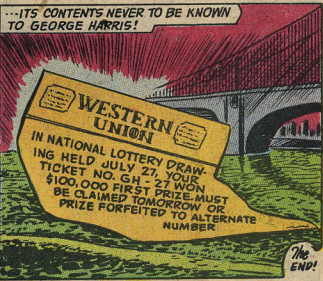
I GOT THROUGH IT...I **LICKED THAT 27 HOODOO!** BUT THANK GOSH I DIDN'T LOOK AT THAT TELEGRAM...IT MUST HAVE HAD SOMETHING **TERRIBLE** IN IT!



DOWN, DOWN DRIFTED THE FATEFUL TELEGRAM... INTO THE RIVER BELOW...



...ITS CONTENTS NEVER TO BE KNOWN TO **GEORGE HARRIS!**



The **END!**

Time Visitor



WAIT... YOU CAN'T GO NOW! YOU MUST STAY!

I MUST RETURN TO MY OWN TIME, PROFESSOR! HOWEVER, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN SUCH A RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE, I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION AND RETURN TOMORROW AT THE SAME TIME!

THE PLACE WAS PROFESSOR BAILEY'S STUDY, AND THE TIME WAS BUT A SCANT TWO MONTHS AGO! WHATEVER IT WAS, IT CLAIMED TO BE A **TIME VISITOR** FROM THE FUTURE! AND AFTER A PLEASANT CHAT, IT STARTED TO LEAVE IN THE UNORTHODOX MANNER IN WHICH IT HAD APPEARED...

EDDEN WHITNEY

AND THEN... IT WAS GONE!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, AND STILL I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! A VISITOR FROM THE FUTURE... FROM THE YEAR 3468!

POP!

PROFESSOR BAILEY HASTENED TO HIS CLUB AND SHARED HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THOSE COLLEAGUES WILLING TO LISTEN...



NOW REALLY, BAILEY, YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO BELIEVE SUCH HOGWASH!

BUT I TELL YOU IT'S TRUE! HE SAID HE CHOSE TO VISIT ME BECAUSE OF MY WORK IN TELEPATHY AND OTHER ALLIED FIELDS! AND HE GAVE A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION THAT WAS SHEER BRILLIANCE!

WE'LL JOIN YOU TOMORROW, BAILEY, BUT REMEMBER THIS! IF IT'S ANOTHER OF YOUR FOOLISH JOKES, YOU'LL REGRET IT!

YOU'LL EAT THOSE WORDS, PROFESSOR PARKIS! JUST WAIT!



SO THEY GATHERED IN PROFESSOR BAILEY'S STUDY THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AND PRECISELY AT SIX O'CLOCK...



LOOK! HE'S BEGINNING TO APPEAR!

WHEN THE VISITOR'S MATERIALIZATION WAS COMPLETE...

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING A FEW FRIENDS IN, BUT I WANTED THEM TO SHARE THIS MOMENT... AND THE DEMONSTRATION!

I DON'T MIND, PROFESSOR! NOT IN THE LEAST!

THE VISITOR PERFORMED WITH SWIFT SKILL, BEGINNING THE DEMONSTRATION WITH A MOST MIRACULOUS LIQUID! WHEN POURED FROM THE TUBE IN HIS HAND THE DROPS FELL, BUT BEFORE THEY STRUCK THE FLOOR...

THEY DIS-APPEARED!

AND AS HIS CLOSING EXPERIMENT, THERE WAS THE STRANGE SCRAP OF PAPER HE HAD SET ABLAZE...

THAT SCRAP OF PAPER HAS BEEN BURNING FOR TEN MINUTES!

IT COULD ACTUALLY BURN FOR TWO CENTURIES! WE MAKE IT FROM ATOMIC WASTE MATERIAL!

THE DEMONSTRATION OVER, PROFESSOR BAILEY TURNED TOWARD HIS GUESTS--A SUPERIOR, CHIDING SMILE ON HIS LIPS...

YOU DO, DO YOU?

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW? AND YOU, PROFESSOR PARKIS... I EXPECT A PUBLIC RE-TRACTION OF YESTERDAY'S INSULTING REMARK!

WE WARNED YOU, PROFESSOR, BUT OBVIOUSLY, YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN! I CAN'T EVEN BE ANGRY WITH YOU! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO A MAN WHO SEES THINGS THAT DON'T EXIST... AND WHO SPEAKS TO THE THIN AIR!

COME, PARKIS! THE MAN'S HOPELESS!

YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID! WHAT CAN THE FOOL MEAN?

YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SEE OR HEAR A TIME VISITOR, AND WHATEVER HE DOES, IS THE PERSON THE VISITOR CONTACTS!

THEN WHATEVER IT WAS, IT WAS GONE--AND THE EMPTY ROOM ECHOED WITH PROFESSOR BAILEY'S PLEADING WORDS...

BUT YOU MUST COME BACK! YOU HAVE TO PROVE IT TO THEM! WHAT CAN I SAY? HOW WILL I EVER EXPLAIN?

POP!

THE END

GIVEN - PREMIUMS Or - GIVEN

OUR
60th
YEAR

ACT NOW

BE FIRST



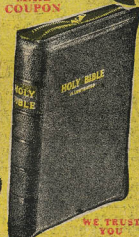
BE
FIRST



BOYS-GIRLS-LADIES-MEN

Thousand Shot Red Rider Repeater Air Rifle with tube of shot, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios, Watches, Baseball Suits, Bats and Balls, Lovable Fully Dressed Dolls over 15" in height, all sent postage paid. Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. MAIL COUPON TODAY. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. M-31, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL
COUPON



WE TRUST
YOU

GIVEN - CASH - PREMIUMS

ACT NOW

OUR 60TH YEAR



BE
FIRST
MAIL COUPON
TODAY



ONCE IN A
LIFETIME



-LOOK-
A REAL LIVE
PONY

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen and Pencil Sets, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Fishing Outfits, 22 Cal. Rifles - All these valuable Premiums GIVEN plus many more for selling White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to your friends, neighbors, relatives. Don't forget many more valuable PREMIUMS and CASH COMMISSION are available in big catalog sent to you with your first order, postage paid by us to start. SIMPLY GIVE FREE beautiful art picture suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture). We Trust You. Over 60 years of continuous service to millions. Mail coupon today for PREMIUMS or CASH.

Write WILSON-CHEMICAL CO., Dept. N-2, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON
NOW



MAIL
COUPON
OUR
60th
YEAR



60th
YEAR



MAIL COUPON NOW
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BOYS
GIRLS



BE
FIRST
ACT
NOW



WATCHES

BOYS
GIRLS



BE
FIRST
ACT
NOW



Radios, Footballs, Basketball Outfits, Swim Masks (sent postage paid), GIVEN - GIVEN - GIVEN. White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE is so easy to sell to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box - with FREE picture - Send coupon now and your starting order will be sent out at once.

WILSON-CHEMICAL CO., Dept. O-31, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen! - Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name.....	Age.....
St.....	Rel.....
Box.....	Zone.....
City.....	No.....
State.....	
First Last Name.....	

Paste-on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in **10**
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star body. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



John Sill
NOW

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
MUSCLES! **HARD-HITTING**

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU ?

that 125 lb.—6 ft. ■

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be

SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
coupon below as I did.

Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**

3½ inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or
what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10**
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE**
YOU OVER by the **SAME METHOD**
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions.

How to Build
A MIGHTY
ARMS
How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK
How to Build
A MIGHTY
LEGS
How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

FREE

PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. **WEAKLING**
LOOK at him **NOW**.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be !
soon !

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR**
ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. **Your BACK** and **SHOULDERS**
broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-**
American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one soli-
tary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body I
have devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my "**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**"
the only method that builds you **5-ways** fast. You save **YEARS, DOL-**
LARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like
MANY THOUSANDS like you did. **SO MAIL coupon NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-57

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—F. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest; 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm; 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip; 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back; 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

AMAZING OFFER

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

\$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of
our 300 Christmas card
line. And this can be done
in a single day. Free samples.

Other boxes on approval.
Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made \$250—\$500—\$1,000
and more this very way. Church groups and organ-
izations can do this, too. No experience necessary.



**BEST WISHES
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
21 luxurious cards—
including gold bronzing,
dainty hand finishing,
matching pastel envelopes



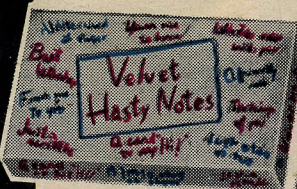
**LOTS OF LAFFS
HUMOROUS EVERYDAY
ASSORTMENT**
Novel animated cards
—including original cut-outs,
3-dimensional pop-out
features, bell attachments
and 36" novelty card



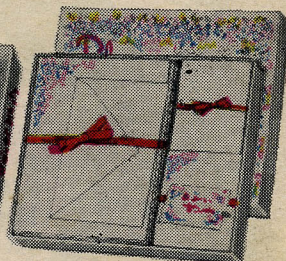
**DELUXE EVERYDAY
GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**
20 large multi-color
20" x 30" sheets in a
fascinating variety of
designs—plus matching
seals and gift tags



**TALL BEAUTIES
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT**
Beautifully styled
and delightfully different—
all gold bronzed
and embossed



**VELVET
HASTY NOTES**
French folders with
friendly messages
on front in luminous
rose and blue
velvety flocking



**BLOSSOM TIME
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE**
Embossed floral design,
with gold bronzing,
dainty scalloped borders
—ribbon-tied

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Please rush free samples, other boxes on approval
for FREE TRIAL and full details of your easy money-
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